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SNF
Calvert

The Wife's Manual

PRAYERS THOUGHTS AND SONGS

FOR SEVERAL OCCASIONS OF

A MATRON'S LIFE

" Love refines
" The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
" In reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
" By which to heavenly love thou mayſt aſcend."

PARADISE LOST.

Faith
Hope Charity

THE

Wife's Manual,

OR

PRAYERS, THOUGHTS, AND SONGS,
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS OF
A MATRON'S LIFE,

BY THE

REV. W. CALVERT, M.A., F.S.A.
INCUMBENT OF KENTISH TOWN AND
ONE OF THE MINOR CANONS
OF SAINT PAUL'S.

Third Edition.

LONDON:
Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1861.

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M Bifield S

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TO HER,

FOR WHOSE USE MOST OF THESE LITTLE PIECES

WERE FIRST WRITTEN,

AND AT WHOSE SUGGESTION THE REST WERE

APPENDED, THIS EDITION OF THE

Wife's Manual

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE AUTHOR.

THE ſtyle of ornamentation adopted in this little volume is that of "A Book of Chriſtian Prayers," printed by John Day, 1569, uſually called "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book." The ſide-pieces on pages 1, 2, 6, 13, are fac-ſimilies of wood-cuts in that work.

THE WIFE'S MANUAL.

The Bride's Prayer.

THOU that the author and the giver art
Of all good things, without whoſe foſtering grace
And ever preſent help, the tendereſt
And beſt affections of the heart can yield
No certain joy; to Thee, O God, I turn,
E'en in this hour of ſolemn happineſs,
Beſeeching Thee, from Thy bright dwelling-place,
The glad abode of peace on high, to look
Down on Thy trembling handmaid, and to grant
That, as through new and untried ſcenes I take
My doubtful way, and as freſh duties crowd

Acroſs my path, theſe weak and faltering
ſteps
May be ſo guided by that gentle light
Which ſhineth only from above, that I,
And my eſpouſed fellow traveller,
With knitted hands and loving hearts, may
tread
Unſcathed life's rugged wild, and reach at
laſt
The heavenly hills and everlaſting reſt,
The glorious purchaſe of the precious blood
That from His wounded ſide for ſinners flow'd,
In whoſe great name, and for whoſe bleſſed
ſake,
In humble truſt, my Bridal Prayer I make.

A WEDDING SONG.

THERE are chimes, merry chimes,
in the air.
What tell they?
That as, to glad our wedded love,
Thoſe ſilvery bell-ſongs float above;
So from above true joy ſhall come
To bleſs our own, our happy home,
Both night and day.

There are flowers, fragrant flowers, at our
feet.
What teach they?
That earth-born pleaſures may be ſpread
Along the path that we ſhall tread;
But, even ſhould it be our lot
With haſty ſtep to cruſh them not,
They muſt decay.

There are ſmiles, ſhort-lived ſmiles, all
around.
What ſhow they?

They tell us, never but in heaven
Is laſting bliſs to mortals given;
That looks of love, like fairy flowers
And charms of muſic-laden hours,
Muſt paſs away.

There is hope, thrilling hope, in our hearts.
What does hope ſay?
The merry ſtrains of life may change,
Joy-flowers may fade, and friends grow
ſtrange;
But thoſe by pure affection join'd,
Fond heart to heart, firm mind to mind,
Are bound for aye.

Morning Prayer in Summer.

NOW, when each dew-refreſhed floweret bares
Its glowing boſom to the riſing morn,
And from the breeze-rock'd branches twit-t'ring birds
Fill the bright air with muſic, let my voice
Aſcend, great Source of Life and Light,
Hymning Thy praiſe; may Thy grace-giving beams
Shine o'er my heart, illumine all my ſoul,
And gladden it with gratitude and love.
Teach me, O God, to paſs the daylight hours
As mindful ever how the night of death,
The night wherein no man can work, muſt come
At laſt, and after that the ſtrict account
Before Thy throne, and dread award, on which
My weal or woe eternal muſt depend.

Pardon my ſins, unnumber'd and unknown;
Watch o'er me; make my own dear quiet home
The Eden of my heart, and, whilſt I tend
With joyous care the ſweet but fragile flowers
Of houſewife virtues, guard me from the wiles
Of the Arch-ſerpent, 'neath the leafy ſhade
Of innocence itſelf, in ambuſh hid.
Whilſt loving, and by earthly ones beloved,
Lead me to fix my dearest hopes on Thee;
Teach me to look, above the murky miſt
Of earthly vapour that ſurrounds me here,
To the far-off of everlaſting bliſs,
Stretching beyond, and toward the horizon there,
The bright, ethereal, and the only true,
The atmoſphere of love in which thou dwelleſt,
To turn my trembling ſteps, and meet unmoved
The guſts of ſorrow beating on my head.
And this I aſk in His dear name alone
Whom as their Lord repentant ſinners own.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

WHERE are the ſtars, the ſtars that ſhone
All through the ſummer night?
Why are they and their pale queen gone,
As if they fear'd to be look'd upon
By the gaze of the bold Daylight?

Gone they are not.—In the far blue ſkies
Their ſilent ranks they keep;
Unſeen by our ſun-dazzled eyes,
They wait till the breath of the night-wind ſighs,
Then come and watch our ſleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer
The night of our diſtreſs,
When brighter, gladder hours appear,
Forgotten with our grief and fear,
Wake not our thankfulneſs.

Yet ſtill, unmindful though we be,
Thoſe lamps of love remain ;
And, when life's ſhadows cloſe, and we
Look up ſome ray of hope to ſee,
Shall glad our hearts again.

Winter Morning Prayer.

HOW can I thank Thee, God of Mercy? how
Speak forth Thy praiſes and Thy goodneſs tell?
Thy loving-kindneſs, every morn renew'd,
Has, through the ſhadows of another night,
Guarded my bed, and ſafely raiſed me up,
All undeſerving as I am, again
Refreſh'd by ſleep, to walk the round of life.
Take from me, Lord, all ſlothfulneſs of heart,
And give me wiſdom from above to guide
My every thought and action by Thy law:
Increaſe my love for all around and Thee,
Chiefeſt of all, ſource of true joy and peace.
Teach me to ſee the loathſomeneſs of ſin,
And, truſting in Thy grace and that alone,
Againſt the tempter watch and ward to keep.
That, when the talents to my hands conſign'd
Shall be required, I need not dread to meet

Thy ſearching gaze. Forgive me, oh! forgive
All my paſt ſins.—Help thou my unbelief,
And lead me on to holineſs and Thee.
Let me not doubt that, in the cold hard ſoil
Of this probationary life of earth,
Lie dormant germs of purity and bliſs;
That froſt and ſtorms of ſtern and adverſe fortune
Do but prepare the way for the warm influence
Of Thy eternal ſanctifying love.
And this I aſk, O God, for His dear ſake
Who on Himſelf our ſinful load did take,
And His meek life for guilty human-kind
Upon the altar of His croſs reſign'd.

TO-DAY.

ANOTHER day to Life is given,
Another day;
To force our onward march to
Heaven,
Along the path where He has ſtriven
Who ſhow'd the way.

Another day before us lies,
A day of Faith;
To fix on Him our gladden'd eyes
Who ſits triumphant in the ſkies
O'er ſin and death.

Another day—as thoſe of yore;
A day of Hope;
To bid our hearts aſpiring ſoar
Above the maze where evermore
Earth-wiſhes grope.

Another day, with joy replete;
A day of Love;
Of kind fond looks, and greetings ſweet,
And friendſhips which ſhall be complete
In Heaven above.

Evening Prayer.

GREAT guardian of the midnight hours, to whom
Darkneſs and light are both alike; whoſe eye
Pierces the ſhadowy curtain that enfolds
One half the globe, and ſees enacted there
So many ſcenes of ſorrow and of crime,
Known but to Thee alone; ſet round our bed
Angelic watchers that may drive away
The hateful ſpirits, whoſe ſuggeſtive wiles
Scatter wild thoughts and troublous phantaſies
O'er our ſleep-ſhackled minds; and teach our hearts,
Whene'er we caſt aſide the day's attire
And ſeek our reſt, to ſee that ſolemn hour,
When, diſenrob'd of theſe our fleſhly weeds—
Theſe crumbling frames, the worms' enforced fees—
Our ſouls ſhall wander in no land of dreams,

But, dwelling with reality and Thee,
Await the awful ſentence of the Judge.
And, whilſt I pray that Thy protecting arm
May ſpread a ſhield above our ſleeping hours,
Here, on my knees, I thank Thy bounteous mercy
For Thy unnumber'd gifts of grace and love
Through the paſt day vouchſafed. My ſad offences
Againſt Thy wiſe and merciful commands,
Forgive them all; ſo, from my quiet ſlumber,
I may ariſe in cheerfulneſs and peace
To work Thy will with gladneſs and content.
In His dear name are theſe petitions pour'd
Who ſitteth at Thy ſide—my riſen Lord.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

EVERY day muſt have a morrow;
Quite ſufficient for its hour
Is the evil that may lour,
Be it pain, or be it ſorrow,
Leave we to a higher power.

Every night muſt have its morning;
Howſoever dark it ſeem,
In the far eaſt hope-lights gleam,
To the mourner giving warning,
Of the day-break's coming beam.

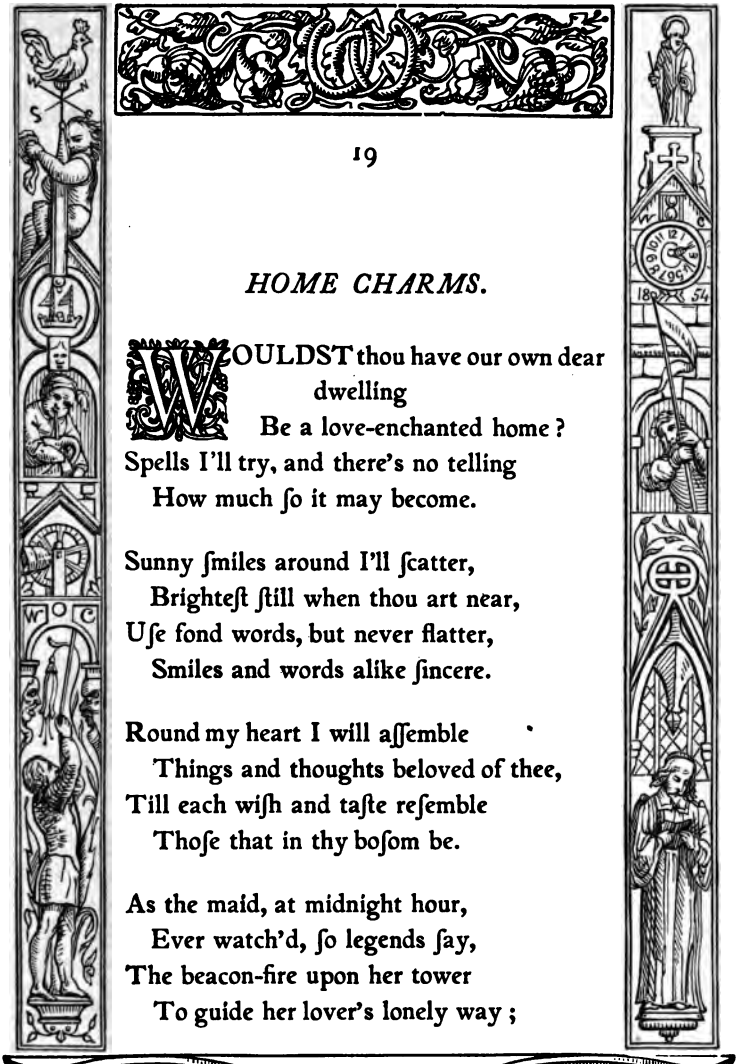
Every ſleep muſt have its waking;
E'en the laſt long ſleep of all;
When we quit death's ſlumber-thrall,
Lord, on ſinners mercy taking,
To Thy home our ſpirits call.

There, through endleſs ages, ever
Baſking in Thy preſence bright,
When our ſever'd ſouls unite,
We ſhall ſee Thy face, and never
Know again the gloom of night.

For her Husband.

ETERNAL Guardian of the good and true,
Before whoſe altar my eſpouſal vows
Were pledged, whoſe bleſſing ſanctified the bonds
That join'd our beating hearts; O God! I thank Thee,
That he, the dear one that Thou gav'ſt me then,
My life-companion, by my ſide ſtill walks.
Keep him, I pray, a thouſand times I pray Thee,
Keep him in body and in ſoul. Increaſe
His faith and guide his footſteps in Thy way.
Whate'er his earthly lot, or good or evil,
Give him a gentle and contented heart;
And teach him ſtill to prize my beſt endeavours

To ſweeten life for him, and guard his love.
And ſtill, as time rolls onward, and life loſes
The bloom and fragrance of its earlier days,
O'er the brown autumn and the hoary winter
Of our declining age, pour the bright ſunſhine
Of hope and peace ineffable. Thus lead us
On to one quiet grave ; then, in Thy mercy,
Take our world-wearied ſouls to dwell with Thee,
Where doubt and ſorrow never more can come.
And He, who for my ſins from Heaven came down,
To wear the robe of ſcorn and thorny crown,
To bear His heavy croſs, then hang and bleed
And die for me—'tis in His name I plead.



HOME CHARMS.

WOULDST thou have our own dear dwelling
Be a love-enchanted home?
Spells I'll try, and there's no telling
How much ſo it may become.

Sunny ſmiles around I'll ſcatter,
Brighteſt ſtill when thou art near,
Uſe fond words, but never flatter,
Smiles and words alike ſincere.

Round my heart I will aſſemble
Things and thoughts beloved of thee,
Till each wiſh and taſte reſemble
Thoſe that in thy boſom be.

As the maid, at midnight hour,
Ever watch'd, ſo legends ſay,
The beacon-fire upon her tower
To guide her lover's lonely way;

When the world ſhall wrong or ſlight thee,
'Midſt thy boſom's bitter pain,
The warmth of home ſhall lure and light thee
To my welcome claſp again.

Then, with fond words and careſſes,
Shalt thou, by our ingle's blaze,
Tell how all the day's diſtreſſes
One ſuch evening hour repays.

For her Husband in his Absence.

O LORD, whoſe ever wakeful eye looks down
Upon the ſons of men, I pray Thee guard,
In all his ways, the huſband of my choice;
Keep him in body and in ſoul, and ſtay
His ſteps from danger; from his eyes ſhut out
Temptation, and direct his tender thoughts
Homeward to her who loves and bleſſes him.
May holy angels, thronging round about him,
Whiſper to his dear heart unnumber'd thoughts
Of peace and gladneſs, and, when all is bright
And joyous, may the memory of our love
Be warmth and muſic to his happy hours.
This be my care, my faithful mate away,
To guard our neſt againſt the wily ſnake,

To ſcreen our houſehold from the chilling
winds,
And watch with eager eyes for his return.
And in theſe hours of ſeparation let me learn
How tott'ring is the fabric of our bliſs,
If built on ſhifting ſands of time and ſenſe;
How ſoon the cold, divorcing, hand of death
May come between our warm and loving
breaſts.
And may we ſtrive ſo, by Thy grace, to live,
That ſever'd here, as ſever'd we muſt be,
Again united and from ſorrow free,
For His dear ſake who for our ranſom died,
We may in ſinleſs, endleſs bliſs abide.

ABSENCE.

A WEARY weight my boſom bears,
Throughout the lonely day;
My heart, amidſt its houſehold cares,
Still feels thou art away;
I miſs the glance of thoſe dear eyes,
The merry paſſing word,
The kind reproof, the mild advice,
'Midſt lighter converſe heard.

Each cheerleſs meal, each ſilent walk,
Is full of thoughts of thee.
I ſeem to hear when others talk,
To ſee what others ſee;
While my rapt fancy loves to roam
To thy far diſtant ſide,
And longs to bid thee welcome home,
At quiet even-tide.

Still, at this holy tryſting hour,
Do our fond ſpirits meet,
When I, my heart-petitions pour,
Before the mercy-ſeat.—
Oh! would that thou wert really near,
That thoſe loved lips of thine
Might kiſs away this anxious tear,
And blend thy prayer with mine.

Prayer in her Husband's Sickness.

GREAT Lord of Life, whoſe ſin-
correcting hand
Chaſtens and guides Thy wayward
erring Children,
Teach me, with will unmurmuring and re-
ſign'd,
To meet this viſitation as I ought,
And ſee Thy mercy through the darkest
clouds :
Give to my ſuffering partner grace to bear
The burden that Thy wiſdom hath impoſed;
Thou only knoweſt if, again reſtored
In health and vigour to his former ſelf,
We yet may journey on, and ſide by ſide
Together face the driving blaſts of grief.
Whatever be Thy will, or life or death
Await him here, grant that his lot hereafter
May be an everlaſting home with Thee ;

And for myſelf, in ſoul and body ſtrengthen'd
By aid celeſtial, may I ſo diſcharge
With patient tenderneſs the nurſe's care,
That, when his hour of ſickneſs ſhall be o'er,
The record of the paſt ſhall ſeem to him
A dream of pain may be, but mingled ſtill
With memories of unnumber'd gentle words,
Of looks of love, and ſelf-denying kindneſs.
And thus may this, as every other trial,
Leave us with hearts more cloſely bound together;
With wiſhes ſanctified, and wills reſtrain'd
Within the limits of Thy holy law.
This in His name and for His ſake I crave
Who for our ſouls His life a ranſom gave.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

AS beſide his ſick-bed my night-watch I keep,
And pillow his head in its feveriſh ſleep,
I check every tear, and I ſtifle each ſigh,
But my heart-broken prayer for him riſes on high.

In my ſorrow I pray, great Aſſuager of pain!
With the dawning of day bring me hope back again;
'Tis the cry of my anguiſh to mercy above,
From the couch of his languiſhing raiſe up my love.

Oh! Thou that could'ſt ſtand by the ſide of the grave,
And ſtretch forth Thy hand to ſuccour and ſave,

Who to Martha the mourner turn'dſt not a
deaf ear,
Forbearing to ſcorn her heart-deſolate prayer;

Thou that "canſt if Thou wilt," even now
will it ſo,
Paſs over my guilt, and behold but my woe,
And to gladneſs reſtore this heart, crying to
Thee,
Lord of Life, I implore Thee, have pity on me.

For her own Relations.

O LORD! who haſt preſerved and bleſſ'd my life
From its firſt hour, whoſe never wearied care
Watch'd o'er me, even on my mother's breaſt,
And led me ſafely through the hourly dangers
Of riſkful childhood and of youth, I pray Thee,
Shower thy beſt gifts upon my early friends;
Glad with the ſpirit of Thy peace divine
The home that once was mine, from the dear roof
Drive ſorrow and miſchance; health and content
May they dwell ever there, with fear of Thee.
May thoughtleſs word or act of mine ne'er wake
One tear of ſorrow or one fluſh of ſhame

Amidſt that band beloved. And when I think
How the commencement of this happier life,
This later life of wedded love, involved
A needful parting from that joyous circle
Of fond warm hearts, O may I thence believe
That my laſt farewell bidden to this world
Will uſher in a brighter purer ſtate,
Where our intelligence with ſouls we love
Shall be unclogg'd by bonds of fleſh and ſenſe,
Reſtricted not by time or ſpace, refined
By cloſe communion with angelic minds,
And by Thy preſence gladden'd and ſecured.
Thus, with a grateful memory of the paſt,
In hope aſſured ſtill be it mine to tread,
Upheld by Thy ſuſtaining hand alone,
The road by which the loved and loſt are
gone.

FRIENDS AT HOME.

MY childhood's friends at home, beſide
The well-known hearth at eventide,
If ſitting haply they may be
In ſocial chat or reverie,
Their thoughts oft wander forth to me.

And many a wiſh and many a prayer
For me and mine are utter'd there,
Nor is it little joy to know
That thoſe, the loved of long ago,
Are cheriſhing our memory ſo.

And friends at home have I, away
In the bright Home of Homes are they;
And ſometimes ſteals acroſs my breaſt
A longing wiſh to be at reſt
With thoſe dear ſpirits of the bleſt.

Content thee, ſilly heart of mine!
All earthly though it be, 'tis thine
This home with wiſely love to bleſs,
'Till life to thee ſhall be no leſs
Than foretaſte of heaven's bleſſedneſs.

When ſummon'd to th' Eternal Court,
Why murmur at the hindrance ſhort,
If thou, though paſt the palace gate,
Ere entering the room of ſtate
Muſt in the antechamber wait.

Before entering on Domeſtic Duties.

OH! Thou that in Thy lowly ſojourn here,
Wouldſt oft retire from the throng'd thoroughfare,
Wouldſt ſtay awhile Thy healing touch, and leave
The liſtening crowds that hung upon Thy lips
To ſhare the meal domeſtic, and to join
In ſocial converſe, 'neath the quiet roof
Of Thy loved Lazarus; oh! be with me
Amidſt my houſehold duties, as Thou wert
With his two ſiſters.—May Thy gentle voice
Speak to my heart in ſweet encouragement
Or mild reproof, and let me feel the gaze
Of thoſe meek eyes fix'd on my every act,
And watching all I do. Grant me the grace,
Whilſt Martha's buſy offices demand

My leſſer care, to caſt my better thoughts
Down at Thy feet, to ſit with Mary there,
And liſten to Thy words of truth and love.
Teach me, with mind unruffled and ſerene,
To meet the hourly accidents of life;
And let the tones of gentle patience lend
Their ſoft ſweet muſic to my lighteſt word.
Oh! may I bear in mind, that from the roots
Of wither'd and neglected duties ſpring
The rankeſt ſin-weeds which infeſt the heart;
That wiſdom infinite has placed me here
To work Thy will, watch'd o'er by angels' eyes,
Cheriſh'd and cared for, not alone by thoſe
Whom Thou haſt given to tread life's path with me,
But with a love beyond all human ken,
By Thee on whom my hopes of heaven depend,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour, and my Friend.

ACTIVE LIFE.

IT is not they who idly dwell
In cloiſter gray, or hermit cell,
In prayer and vigil, night and day,
Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of Heaven, that ſerve Thee well.

Action ſtill muſt wait on thought;
Life's a voyage rough though ſhort;
We muſt dare the ſorrow-wave,
Many a ſin-ſtorm we muſt brave,
Ere we reach our deſtined port.

Sitting liſtening on the ſhore
To the ocean's reſtleſs roar,
Never launching on the main,
Can the merchant hope to gain
Wealth to ſwell his treaſure-ſtore?

Vain it were to watch beſide
The pits where we our talents hide;
We muſt face the noiſe and ſtrife
Of the market-place of life,
That our truſtineſs be tried.

Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur, "No."
He that gives the ſword and ſhield,
Chooſes too the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe.

Though, where'er we look around,
All we ſee is hoſtile ground,
Where our up-turn'd eyes above
Recognize His banner, Love,
There it is we ſhould be found.

On going into Society.

OH God! who on the tablets of the heart
Gazeſt with Thine all-ſearching eye, and there
Doſt read the record of each ſecret wiſh,
Guard with Thy grace the inlets to my ſoul,
And chaſe away the traitor thoughts within,
That with temptation parleying ſtand, and fain
Would let in ſin and folly. Make me feel
That in the gay and care-forgetting crowd
Thou art as near me as in ſolitude;
Keep Thou the portals of my lips, leſt words
Of levity, or cenſure undeſerved,
Abuſe the freedom of my mirthful hours.
Tinge my each word and action with a hue
Of heart-born courteſy and holy love,
That in the uſe of every ſocial gift
The happineſs of others may be mine;

And every effort which I make to pleaſe
May be unmarr'd by envy or by pride.
And as the glow-worm, that, itſelf unſeen,
Glads with the luſtre of its tiny lamp,
Its little neighbourhood of blade and flower;
So grant, O Lord, my love of Thee may ſhine,
Not in the loud profeſſion of my faith,
But in the peace-light ſhed around my path
Still growing brighteſt in the darkeſt hour.
And thus, whate'er I do, my firſt great aim,
Be it Thy favour; and my next, to keep
In all their fervency my wifely vows,
Unchill'd by contact with the world's cold touch,
Unſullied ſtill by ſelfiſhneſs and ſin.
And this for His dear ſake alone I pray,
Who the ſoul's guilty ſtains doth waſh away.

HEART-SNARES.

THERE'S a world, a world without us,
Guard, we muſt, againſt its wiles;
Many a ſnare lies round about us,
Dream-born baubles, ſerpent-ſmiles.
From our ſight we cannot drive them,
Count them then as droſs and dirt;
By deſpiſing, we deprive them
Of the power to do us hurt.

There's a world, a world within us,
This, it is, we have to dread;
Evil paſſions ſtrive to win us
From the path our feet ſhould tread.
Heart-rebellion ſtill reſiſting,
We muſt keep the traitors down—
Lord, without Thy grace aſſiſting,
Virtue ſoon would loſe her crown.

When Recovering from her Confinement.

HERE, on my couch of feebleneſs, my heart
In inward accents breathes its grateful ſong—
Its ſong of thankfulneſs and praiſe to Thee,
Great God of Heaven, that in the fearful time
Of nature's agony haſt held me up
With Thy ſuſtaining hand, and ſafely brought me
Through the paſt hours of danger and of pain;
And now art leading me to ſtrength and health,
And active life again. Fain would I offer
The golden tribute of a perfect love,
Obedience true, and never ſhaken faith;
But I, alas! can only hope to bring
The dove-like offering of meek penitence
And humble truſt. Theſe on the altar-ſteps

Of my ſoul's gratitude I meekly place ;
And I beſeech Thee, Lord, teach me how much
I need Thy love, how little I deſerve it.
Keep ever in my breaſt a fervent ſenſe
Of their kind offices, whoſe gentle care
Has carried out Thy merciful beheſts,
And gather'd round my bed a thouſand
comforts.
Pour down Thy bleſſing upon all I love,
And let my thankfulneſs to Thee and them
Shine forth in patient looks and words of
kindneſs.
So, when I ſhall go back into the bleak
And buſy world, be it with ſtrengthen'd faith,
With brighter hope, and charity renew'd
By hours of meditative ſolitude.
This for His ſake I pray Thee, whom of
yore,
In the poor ſtable, bleſſed Mary bore.

THE INVALID.

WHEN upon the bed of languor
Weak and feveriſh we toſs,
Should ſomething like impatient anger
Come the weary mind acroſs,
The only remedy that's found
To drive away the ſin,
Is gentle words to thoſe around,
And holy thoughts within.

Thus, in priſon-hours full often,
Saints their rugged beds could ſmooth;
Thus their ſtern gaoler's heart could ſoften,
And their own ſad boſoms ſoothe.
How did Joſeph, dungeon-bound,
Releaſe and honour win?
By gentle words to thoſe around,
And holy thoughts within.

Then, although a priſoner lying,
Chain'd in wearineſs and pain,
My ſoul through tedious hours is ſighing
For ſunſhine, and for health again;
Yet in my chamber ne'er be ſound,
Nor dream of ſelfiſh ſin,
But gentle words to thoſe around,
And holy thoughts within.

For her Infant.

GREATEST and holieſt of woman born,
That for our guilty ſakes encradled lay
In the unworthy manger, hear the prayer
Of a glad mother, kneeling at Thy throne,
Beſeeching Thee with mercy to look down
On her petition; and to ſpread the wings,
The ſheltering wings of Thy eternal love
Above her little one. Guard the frail life,
Which Thou haſt given, from every latent ill;
Shed o'er the opening mind the influence
Of Thy bleſs'd grace, and in the infant breaſt
Implant the ſeeds of virtue and of peace.
And grant me, Lord, ſuch wiſdom from above,
That I may know how to direct and teach
This young, warm heart, ſo that it learn to love
That which alone is truly loveable,

And only fear the evil in Thy ſight.
Let my example give a double force
To ſage and gentle precept. May I meet
Increaſing duties and extended cares
With energy, with patience, and with hope;
Leaving to Thy all-wiſe, all-bounteous hand,
The future deſtiny of thoſe I love,
And ſtriving only to work out Thy will
In faith, in happy uſefulneſs, and peace.
For this, dear Lord, to Thee alone I cry,
Who on Thy virgin-mother's breaſt didſt lie,
Whilſt choirs angelic, fill'd the midnight ſky
With holy hymns, and heavenly minſtrelſy.

A CRADLE-SONG.

SOFT be the hour of thy ſleeping,
Little one mine, dear little one
mine;
Safe, gentle lamb, be thy keeping,
In the arms of the ſhepherd divine;
Fond as thy mother's love,
Yet there is One above
Loves thee ſtill dearer,
And when for thee ſhe prays
Grace, peace, and happy days,
Bends down to hear her.
Glad be the hour of thy waking,
Little one mine, dear little one mine,
God grant that the pangs of heart-breaking
Never viſit that boſom of thine.
God grant thy ſtream of life,
Unvex'd by guilt and ſtrife,
Gently may flow;

And, when the time ſhall come,
To thy eternal home
'Tis thine to go,
Calm be the hour of thy dying,
Loved one of mine, dear loved one of mine;
Untrammell'd thy ſpirit, when flying
To the land where the holy ones ſhine.

For her Children.

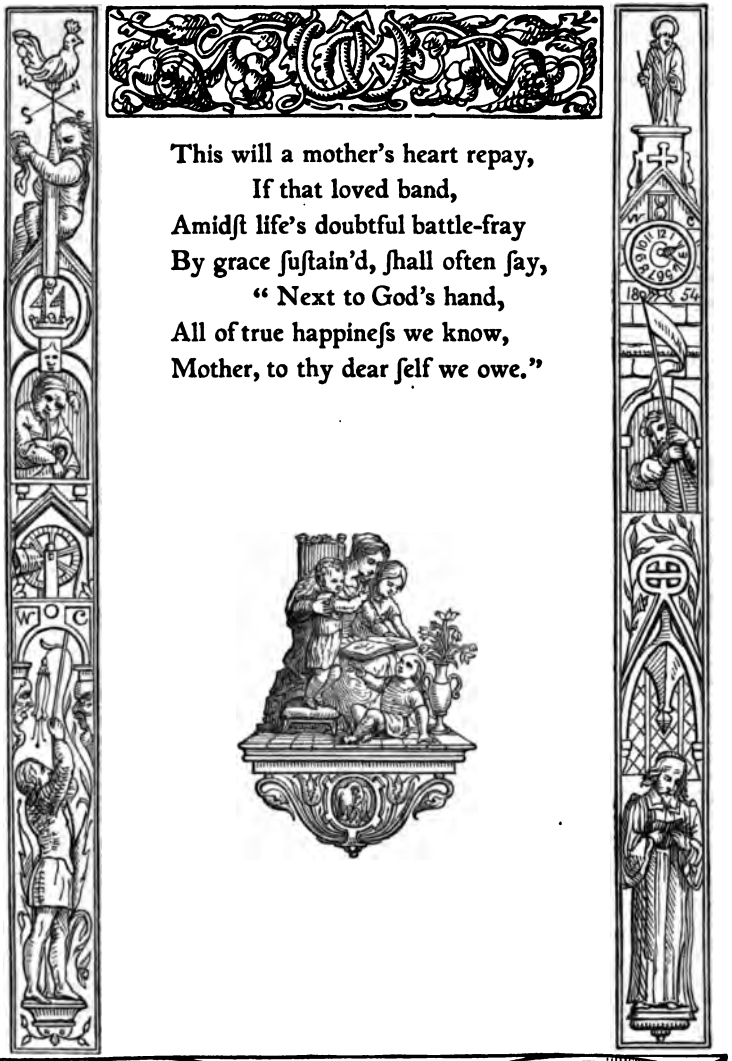
FATHER in Heaven, liſten to my prayer,
And bleſs the children Thou haſt given me.
Thine, Lord, they are, ſign'd with the ſymbol-croſs,
To be Thy ſervants and Thy ſoldiers ſworn;
Oh! may they never from thoſe ranks deſert,
Nor quit that high and holy ſervitude.
Keep them from every harm, from thoſe alike
That hurt the body and defile the ſoul.
Help me, by holy precept and example,
To form their characters, and guide their hearts
Into the paths of pleaſantneſs and peace.
May I be ever ready to detect
The latent ſeeds of evil; to encourage

All better taſtes and feelings, and to fling
So bright a radiance o'er a life of virtue
That they may ſeek it as Thy glorious gift.
Thus, like ſome gentle planet, may I run
Along the ſilent courſe of duty's round,
Attracting with me ſtill theſe leſſer orbs,
Warm'd and enlighten'd by reflected love
Derived from Thee, our Centre, and our Sun.

A MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.

WHAT can a mother's heart repay
In after years,
For watchful night and weary day
Beſide the cradle paſs'd away,
And anxious tears?
To ſee her dear one tread the earth
In life and health, and childiſh mirth.

What can a mother's heart repay
For later care?
For words that heavenward point the way,
For counſel againſt paſſion's ſway,
And earneſt prayer?
To watch her little pilgrims preſs
Along the road to holineſs,



This will a mother's heart repay,
If that loved band,
Amidſt life's doubtful battle-fray
By grace ſuſtain'd, ſhall often ſay,
" Next to God's hand,
All of true happineſs we know,
Mother, to thy dear ſelf we owe."

On the Death of a Child.

LIFE-GIVING Lord! hear a ſad mother's cry,
Who, in the hour of her bereavement, wails,
And, Rachel-like, bemoans her early dead.
Grant me Thy comfort, Thou that badeſt erſt
The child-lorn widow dry her tears, and gave
Her only ſon, ſnatch'd from the ſhades of death,
Back to her glad embrace. I aſk Thee not
That my dear loſt one ſhould return again
To this dark world of guilt and grief—ah! no,
A wiſh ſo ſelfiſh and ſo unreſign'd
Muſt never come between my heart and Thee.
Teach me, inſtead, to bow with chaſten'd awe
Meekly beneath Thy ſin-correcting hand,
And recognize a wiſdom infinite
In the myſterious workings of Thy will.

May my grief-ſtricken heart, wean'd from
the world,
Cling cloſer to Thy Croſs, and thence derive
Its ſweeteſt comfort, and its fix'd ſupport.
O'er the dead flowers of earth let me not ſhed
Vain, unavailing tears; but learn to tend,
With never-wearied care and freſh delight,
The cheriſh'd duties that embower the round
Of daily life; and ne'er may I forget
That all the bleſſings that ſurround me here
Are but as loans of Thy all-bounteous love,
Given to be uſed, not worſhipp'd, and re-
ſign'd
Back to Thy Hand, without one murmuring
thought,
Whenever in Thy ſight it ſeemeth beſt.
To that glad country turn my tearful eyes
Where the bereaved and loſt, diſſever'd here,
Again united, ſhall their voices join
In mingled hymns around Thy throne of light.
Thus may the bitterneſs of ſorrow paſs
Away from my ſad thoughts, and leave me
free
To ſpend my beſt endeavours and reſolves,

Amidſt thoſe duties and thoſe gentle joys
That fill the hiſtory of my daily life.
So glad alike to go or ſtay, I wait
The hour of ſummons to Thy mercy gate;
There for His ſake who ſaves me from my ſin
Thy grace ſhall ope the door and let me in.

THE LOST LITTLE ONE.

THE fairy form our home that bleſt
With ſport and prattle gay,
The little one we loved the beſt
From earth has paſs'd away.

We miſs her footfall on the floor,
Amidſt the nurſery din,
Her tip-tap at our bed-room door,
Her bright face peeping in.

And when to Heaven's high courts above
Aſcends our ſocial prayer,
Though there are voices that we love,
One ſweet voice is not there.

And dreary ſeem the hours, and lone,
That drag themſelves along,
Now from our board her ſmile is gone,
And from our hearth her ſong.

We miſs that farewell laugh of hers,
  With its light joyous ſound,
And the kiſs between the baluſters,
  When good-night time comes round.

And empty is her little bed,
  And on her pillow there
Muſt never reſt that cherub head,
  With its ſoft ſilken hair.

But often, as we wake and weep,
  Our midnight thoughts will roam,
To viſit her cold, dreamleſs ſleep,
  In her laſt narrow home.

Then, then it is Faith's tear-dimm'd eyes
  See through ethereal ſpace,
Amidſt the ſpirit-peopled ſkies,
  That dear, that well-known face.

With beckoning hand ſhe ſeems to ſay,
  " Though, all her ſufferings o'er,
Your little one is borne away
  To this celeſtial ſhore,

" Doubt not ſhe longs to welcome you
To her glad bright abode,
There happy endleſs ages through,
To live with her and God."

For a Diſobedient Child.

LOOK down, O mighty ſearcher of the ſoul,
Upon my wayward, diſobedient child,
And drive away perverſe and ſinful tempers
From this young heart. Without Thy Holy Spirit,
Strengthening our better wiſhes, and inſtilling
Heaven-ſeeking thoughts, all hopeleſs were the ſtruggle
Between our paſſions and our good reſolves.
Be near with Thy aſſiſting grace, I pray Thee,
To this poor wanderer from the path of peace;
And pour upon the ſin-tormented breaſt
The ſoothing medicine of contrite love.

And this be mine, bleſt, happy taſk indeed!
With kind and gentle words to tell how pardon
Is offer'd here on earth, how help is given
To the ſincerely penitent to curb
Each evil tendency, with hope of Heaven,
For His dear ſake whoſe death our ranſom paid,
And in whoſe name my every prayer is made.

FORGIVENESS.

ERR we never, one and all,
Like the roving prodigal?
From our firſt baptiſmal home,
Earth's temptations bid us roam;
If we turn our back on Heaven,
All the portion it has given,
Time and talents, every thing,
In ſin and folly ſquandering,
Then, when we have ſpent the whole,
In the famine of the ſoul,
Should the hungering ſpirit find
Lack of what it left behind;
Thinking all its folly o'er,
Let it ſeek that Father's door,
And to the contrite ſelf-accuſed
Shall pardon never be refuſed.
If forgiveneſs then is ne'er
Withheld from ſuch as ſeek it there,
How freely ſhould we here below,

Pardon to fellow-ſinners ſhow !
How with gentleneſs ſhould ſtrive
Their kindlier thoughts to keep alive !
Foſtering each inward grace,
While their contrite feet retrace
The devious paths that they have trod,
Home to penitence and God.

For a Son going out into the World.

O THOU, to whom the homeleſs
Hagar pray'd
For her thirſt-ſtricken child in
the lone deſert,
And not in vain; to Thee, O Lord, I come,
Beſeeching Thee to guard and guide the ſteps
Of this my ſon, forth on the wilderneſs
Of the drear world, an untried wanderer ſent.
Oh! may Thy Holy Spirit be with him,
And lead him to the never-failing ſprings
Of Thy eternal truth. Amidſt the ſnares
And pitfalls of his inexperienced courſe
May he be found, treading with wary feet.
And whilſt, with active ſtep and cheerful zeal,
He ſtrives to raiſe himſelf above the throng
That climbs and joſtles up the ſteep aſcent
Of buſy life, far from his youthful breaſt

Drive the hard, ſelfiſh maxims of mankind;
And in its early freſhneſs keep his heart
Untainted 'midſt the mammon-graſping
crowd.
Enable him to hold within due bounds
The headſtrong paſſions of his thoughtleſs
years;
Direct his taſtes to innocent purſuits,
And bleſs him with the friendſhip and the love
Of thoſe who may aſſiſt him on the road
Of honour, piety, and laſting peace.
And this, I pray Thee for His ſake to grant
Who lived on earth a life of grief and want,
Then died a death of ſhame and pain, that
He
Might ſet our ſouls from guilt and ſorrow
free.

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

THOU, like ſome gallant barque to-
day,
Muſt quit, my boy, this ſheltering
bay;
Muſt forth upon the wide world ſail,
And ſtruggle againſt Fortune's gale;
If calm thy way or tempeſt-toſt,
Through ſummer-ſeas, by rocky coaſt,
One gentle ſtar ſhall ſhine above—
The memory of thy mother's love.

And in thy tearful hour and ſad,
Or when thy buoyant heart is glad,
In affluence or in penury,
Whate'er thy future fate may be,
One thought, oh! be it ever there
To warn thee againſt pleaſure's ſnare,
To ſoothe thy grief, thy faults reprove—
The memory of thy mother's love.

The memory of the time when thou
Upon thy little knees would'ſt bow,
And in thy nurſery's twilight dim,
Liſp ſimple prayer and holy hymn:
By fell temptation overcome,
Then may thy heart return to home,
And thy world-trammell'd boſom move,
With memory of thy mother's love.

She cannot now be at thy ſide,
Thy tears to dry, thy feet to guide;
Her voice no more can counſel thee
Againſt the falſe world's flattery;
But holy angels, will ſhe pray,
Shall watch thy ſleep and guard thy way,
That neither time nor change remove
The memory of thy mother's love.

But though ſhe be no longer near,
Thou haſt a Friend, how far more dear!
When her fond heart is turn'd to duſt,
Still may He be thy hope and truſt!

By Him ſuſtain'd through all thy days,
Oh! mingle, in thy prayer and praiſe,
With grateful thanks to Heaven above,
The memory of thy mother's love.

For a Daughter on her Wedding Day.

HEAR, Lord, the prayer of a fond mother's heart,
And bleſs my child on this, her nuptial day.
I dare not aſk that o'er her future life
Unchanged proſperity, unſullied joy,
Peace, health, and earthly riches may be ſhed:
But I would aſk for her the better gift
Of inward grace, directing all her thoughts
With ſo much wiſdom, governing her words
With love ſo true, and prudence ſo refined,
That ſhe may ſtill be found, whate'er betide,
Treading with happy ſteps the path of duty,
Beloved and loving, and to others' eyes
Making e'en virtue's ſelf more loveable.
Thus may it be her lot, and her dear partner's,
With hearts united and in holy hope,

To walk amidſt the ſhifting, ſlippery ſands
Of mortal joy, and wait, with eyes intent
Upon the brighter, better coaſt beyond,
For that glad hour in which their ſpirits, borne
Acroſs the narrow ſea of death, ſhall reach
Eternal reſt, and in His preſence baſk,
In whoſe great Name alone my prayer I aſk.

THE HOME-MISSION.

THOU haſt thy miſſion, daughter mine,
A joyous one it is;
To light that happy home of thine
With pure domeſtic bliſs,
And gladden with thy girliſh glee
His brighter hours who worſhips thee.

Thou haſt thy miſſion, daughter mine,
It is a holy one;
That radiant ſmile muſt ſweetly ſhine,
A cloud-diſpelling ſun,
When wintry fortune chills the life
Of his fond heart who calls thee wife.

Thou haſt thy miſſion, daughter mine;
Good angels work with thee,
And o'er thee ſmiles thy Friend divine,
While this thy taſk ſhall be;

The loved ones to thy bosom given,
To lead them on their path to heaven.

Thou hast thy mission, and I breathe
A mother's fondest prayer,
E'en while the orange buds I wreathe
In thy luxuriant hair:
"When these bright locks are scant and gray
May they be found in wisdom's way!"

Before going to Church.

GOD of the Sabbath, now that far and wide,
From arch'd-cathedral nave, from humbler aiſle
Of village church, from ancient regal chapel,
From hoſpital and diſmal priſon-ward;
From lone ſhips ſailing o'er the pathleſs ſea,
From living walls of marſhall'd hollow ſquares
On tent-beſkirted fields, aſcend to Thee,
High praiſes and thankſgivings, and the prayer
Of contrite hearts for pardon and for grace,
Amongſt this crowd of worſhippers I come,
With thoſe I love, to kneel before Thy throne,
And liſten to Thy words of truth divine.
Mine be a meek and humble mind that ſtrives
With no cenſorious and fantaſtic ear,

But in ſincerity and truth, to join
In common prayer to Thee, our common
Father;
In humble wiſe to learn my daily duty,
And with glad ſtrains to bleſs Thy Holy
Name
For Him, who from his ſeat with Thee above
Came down, and left His palace in the ſky,
To live with ſinners and for ſinners die.

THE UNCHANGED.

YES, time hath ſpread a grayer hue
O'er the old church's rugged wall
Since firſt, a child in this our pew,
I knelt upon my haſſock ſmall.
And now the mantling ivy creeping
Still higher up the tower doth grow,
And ſome I knew and loved are ſleeping
Beneath the hillock mounds below.

And all things changed and ſmaller ſeem
From what they were in childhood's day;
Leſs lofty hangs the dark roof beam,
And paler ſhines the colour'd ray.
And there are young and unknown faces,
And ſome there are I recognize,
Still in their long-accuſtom'd places,
With ſilver'd hair and failing eyes.

And I am changed, and all without me,
All more or leſs is changed as well;
The marks of time I ſee about me
All, all the ſelf-ſame ſtory tell.
This, and this alone, remaineth
Unalter'd, as in days of yore,
The voice of prayer and praiſe retaineth
The glowing words it ever wore.

In thoſe bleſt words our fathers raiſed
Their ſuppliant tones to Heaven above,
And in ſuch ſtrains as thoſe they praiſed
The Source of faith, and hope, and love.
And ſuch, in future ſabbath hours,
Shall through theſe holy aiſles reſound,
While winter's ſnows and ſummer's flowers
Upon our graves without are found.

In the time of Prosperity.

O GOD! whose bounteous mercy
poureth down,
Alike upon the righteous and the
evil,
The undeserved and unremember'd gifts
Of Thy exhaustless and impartial love,
Fringing life's path with sweet, though fa-
ding flowers,
Accept the tribute of my grateful thanks
For all Thy blessings. 'Tis to Thee I owe
That peace and plenty are around me now;
That loving ones return my smiles, and joy
Crowns all my waking hours. Give me the
grace
To keep before my mind the strict account
Which I must give of each and ev'ry talent
Committed to my hand. Oh! may my heart

Be quick and ſenſitive where'er it feels
Another's happineſs and peace concern'd,
At other times unſelfiſh and content;
Forbid my ſoul, O Lord, ſhould be ſo fix'd
On things of earth that I forget the future,
And whilſt in ſight of the bleſt heavenly ſhore
Of love and glory, waſte my eager gazes
Upon the ſtraws and frothy bubbles floating
O'er the bright ſurface of my tranquil life.
And let me not forget, the ſelf-ſame hand
That gives may take away, and that the treaſure
Alone enduring is not found below.
So, for His ſake with Thee that ever liveth,
Mine be the wealth Thy ſaving mercy giveth.

SHADOWS OF HAPPINESS.

A PILGRIM at a road-ſide ſpring,
Kneeling the ſparkling rill to kiſs,
A traveller, in his journeying
Staying to hear the wild birds ſing,
Such, ſuch is mortal bliſs.

A ſeaman, when the land-gale's ſighing
From ſome ſpice-fragrant Indian grove;
A warrior, 'midſt the dead and dying
In feveriſh dreams of triumph lying;
Such, ſuch is earthly love.

And as the midnight lightnings caſt
A ſhort-lived radiance o'er the plain,
So this world's hopes a moment laſt,
Light up our path and then are paſt,
And all is dark again.

'Tis only in the land divine
Enduring happineſs can come,
The pilgrim there has reach'd the ſhrine,
And on the traveller's boſom ſhine
The hearth-ſide lights of home.

The ſeaman in his haven rides,
The battle-field of life is won,
And ſmiles upon the mountain-ſides,
Where everlaſting peace reſides,
A never-ſetting ſun.

In the time of Adverſity.

THOU that with weary ſteps and ſhelterleſs,
Didſt tread this earth for our unworthy ſakes,
Neglected and deſpiſed, a man of grief,
With few that loved Thee, and thoſe few how poor!
Oh! viſit me in this, our ſad eſtate,
And teach my far too ſtubborn heart to bow
Reſign'd and humble to Thy wiſe beheſts.
Deſerted by the world, be Thou my gueſt,
And dwell with me, directing every thought
Into the narrow channel of my duty.
Drive from my breaſt regret and diſcontent;
Inſpire my lips with comfort-breathing words;
And give me ſtrength and freſhen'd energy
To cheer my fellow-traveller on his way
Up the rough, ſtony road that lies before us.

From our own ſad experience may we learn
To pity thoſe around us in diſtreſs,
And give with willing heart our little aid.
So teach us both, as worldly means decreaſe,
To fix our wiſhes on thoſe better joys,
Purchaſed for us by Thy moſt precious blood.
Thoſe hopes, that peace, which never know decay,
Which the world cannot give nor take away.

THE WIFE TO HER RUINED HUSBAND.

WHY ſhould I ſhrink from poverty
If it be ſhared, dear love, with thee?
The world's neglect, the proud one's ſcorn,
How eaſily can they be borne
Whilſt thou remaineſt unforſworn,
And true to me!

I little reck that with our name
The crowd may pity join, or blame;
That fickle ones, whom once we ranged
Amongſt our friends, are now eſtranged—
For thou, art thou not all unchanged,
And ſtill the ſame?

Forced from our ſtatelier home to go,
I weep not, ſtart not at the blow;

Though pearl and ruby never now
Shall glitter on this breaſt and brow;
I can be happy yet, and thou
Shalt ſee me ſo.

And though no more thine eye ſurveys
The gems on which we loved to gaze;
The ſculptor's breathing marble-dream;
The painter's magic tints, that ſeem
To bear our ſpirits up Time's ſtream
To other days;

I'll deck theſe humbler walls of ours
With ſimple prints, and caſts, and flowers;
And theſe, our houſehold deities,
Shall be far dearer to thine eyes
Than all the pomp that monarchs prize
In royal towers.

Though to our board no menial train
Shall bear the plenteous feaſt again;
With willing hand will I prepare
The frugal meal thou art to ſhare,
And joy to find my houſewife care
Is not in vain.

And loving voices ſhall be here
With ſocial mirth thy breaſt to cheer;
And ſounds of houſehold minſtrelſy,
The hymn, the ſong, the well-known glee,
How often ſhall they win from thee
No bitter tear!

Thus, though our brighter hours be paſt,
And life's fair noon is overcaſt,
Yet peaceful may our evening prove,
As, journeying on with thoſe we love,
We look to reach our home above—
In heaven at laſt.

After Angry Words.

OH Thou! that to the fretful ocean gaveſt
The word, "Be ſtill," and by Thy fiat huſh'd
The ſtorm-laſh'd billows, calm my troubled mind,
And give my reaſon full and free control
To ſtay the ſtruggling thoughts within that fain
Would break their priſon bars in this my breaſt,
And, on the wings of angry words, burſt forth,
Hovering like harpies o'er the quiet feaſt
Of our domeſtic bliſs. In the unhappy paſt,
Where I have been in fault, lead me to ſee it
And own it too; and even, when the blame
Might reſt on others, let me rather bear it
Than mar the hopes of our home-cheriſh'd peace.
Enable me to thruſt from out my heart

All ſelfiſh pride and waywardneſs; and give me
Thoſe better, ſofter feelings which belong
To the ſworn follower of my gentle, meek,
And lowly Lord. Thus may I cultivate
Each Chriſtian grace, and o'er the one I love
Covet no greater power than that which ſprings
From the free homage of a huſband's heart.
So ſhall our peaceful, quiet home be fitted
To be the tarrying-place of angel gueſts;
Who by our hearth and at our board ſhall leave
The holy odour of unſelfiſh thought,
Of loving-kindneſs, and contented joy.
And thus, without a ſingle wiſh conceal'd
From him, without one unſhared hope or fear,
May it be mine to tread our graveward road
By his dear ſide; then, laying down life's load,
To find, for Jeſus' ſake our ſins forgiven,
A ſinleſs, griefleſs reſting-place in heaven.

PASSING CLOUDS.

CHILL and dreary ſails the rain-
cloud,
Curtaining the ſummer ſky,
Caſting its grey, gloomy ſhadow
O'er the landſcape far and nigh.
But when the ſunſhine comes again,
From forth the ſhower-flooded plain,
In hedge-row, bank, and fairy ring,
The many-tinted wild-flowers ſpring.

Loud and fitful blows the bleak wind
O'er the late unruffled bay,
Toſſing back the rattling ſhingle
'Midſt the billows' fleecy ſpray.
But when the tempeſt hour is o'er,
Beſtrew'd along the gliſtening ſhore,
Many a ſhell of rainbow dye
With corals rich and ſea-gems lie.

Thus, ſince paſs'd the hour of anger,
  Pray we never to return,
From the by-gone we may gather
  Something worth our while to learn;
We thence humility may find,
Thoughts to each others' faults more blind,
And prayer for aid to Heaven above
To watch our words, and guard our love.

On the Estrangement of her Husband's Affections.

WHITHER, oh! whither ſhall this breaking heart
Turn in its bitter ſorrow but to Thee,
Friend of the deſolate! who here on earth,
Too well knew what it was to be betray'd,
Deſerted, and denied by thoſe Thou lovedſt.
Pour on my aching thoughts the heavenly balm
Of Thy peace-giving comfort, and the more
The ties of man's affections ſhow themſelves
Time-worn and fragile, and the more the joys
And truſts of this life vaniſh from my path,
Grant my beſt thoughts and wiſhes may be turn'd
To Thy eternal promiſes and love.

Bleſs, oh! my God, with Thy converting grace
That ſin-deluded heart to which my own
Is bound for ever, and vouchſafe Thy aid
When I endeavour, by all gentle means,
To win it back to virtue and to me.
If my own fault or folly be the cauſe
That firſt eſtranged his truant love from me,
May I amend and guard my conduct ſo,
That, in all lawful things, I may become
The echo of his will; nor let me think
Another's ſin can ever be a plea
For my neglected duty. May I ſee,
In the ſad fall of one ſo dear, a deep
And ſolemn warning to avoid each ſtep
That leads, however ſlightly, from the path,
The narrow path, of rectitude and peace.
In which to keep us, ſend down from above
Upon thine handmaid, and on him I love,
Thy Holy Spirit, that our hearts may be
United to each other, and to Thee.

EXPOSTULATION.

I WEEP, but I will not upbraid thee,
Nor ſpeak of the vows thou haſt broken;
If remonſtrance from ſin could have ſtay'd thee,
How gladly theſe lips would have ſpoken;
But never ſhall anger give vent
To reproaches that love may regret,
For thee it remains to repent,
For me to forgive and forget.

'Twere idle and vain to remind thee
Of the duty to me that thou oweſt;
If the fear of thy God could not bind thee,
Could affection for me? for thou knoweſt
I can give but a lifetime of love,
But the Saviour and King whoſe decree
Thou haſt broken, came down from above
To die and to ſuffer for thee.

This ſad heart, long wont to adore thee,
Though injured, deceived, and neglected,
To Him ſhall plead with thee and for thee,
And ne'er may its prayer be rejected!
Yes, pray with me grace may be ſent,
That joy may abide with us yet,
That thou mayeſt be taught to repent,
And I to forgive and forget.

In the First Hours of Widowhood.

THY Will be done!" God of the deſolate;
Teach me, with heart reſign'd, and calm, to ſay,
"Thy Will be done!" I know it was Thy hand
That gave; Oh! may I ſee Thy hand alone
Reclaiming that it graciouſly beſtow'd.
Quiet my murmuring thoughts, ſtill my regrets.
How little I deſerved my happy lot
Should laſt ſo long; but life is now a void:
Void did I ſay? forgive me, Lord, for life
Is full of duties ſtill, nor without joys.
Have I not round about me thoſe to love,
And lead in holy paths? Are there no tears
On other cheeks that I may wipe away?

I bear his name, and I may hear it bleſſ'd
By grateful lips. The memory of his kind
Approving ſmile, will it not glad each hour
Of cheerful ſtruggle agáinſt grief and ſin?
Guard me, and help me on my journey home,
God of the widow, and the fatherleſs!
May I forget my own, my bitter woes,
In pouring comfort into others' breaſts.
Far from theſe lips be cenſure or complaint;
And let me ſtrive by every lawful means
To hide the faults of others, and my grief.
So by my gladſome looks and happy tones,
By ſympathy in all the gentle joys
Of young and merry hearts, may it appear
How bright and ſunny is the lot of thoſe
Who have Thy love, a ſolace in their woes,
Who clinging to Thy Croſs, their ſouls to ſave,
Can look without one ſhudder towards the
grave.

THE LAST WORDS.

BESIDE a dying man, the one he loved was kneeling,
O'er his features cold and wan the ſhades of death were ſtealing;
And as her prayer ſhe ſtay'd, that clammy cheek to kiſs,
"Go on, go on," he ſaid, then paſſ'd away to bliſs.

"Go on, go on," the words in her ears are ever ringing;
Above, the very birds "Go on, go on" are ſinging;
The ſtream that gurgles by, the raindrop from the eaves,
"Go on, go on" reply to the ruſtling of the leaves.

"Go on," though broken-hearted and deſolate thou be,
The voice of the departed ſhall ſtill return to thee;
Amidſt the daily fight, o'er care and ſorrow won,
In the watches of the night, that voice ſhall ſay, "Go on."

"Go on," though faint and weary that grief-worn frame of thine,
Though o'er thy pathway dreary no hope-light ſeem to ſhine,
Yet ſtill thou haſt a ſtaff, 'tis ſafe to lean upon,
A comfort cup to quaff, then cheerily "go on."

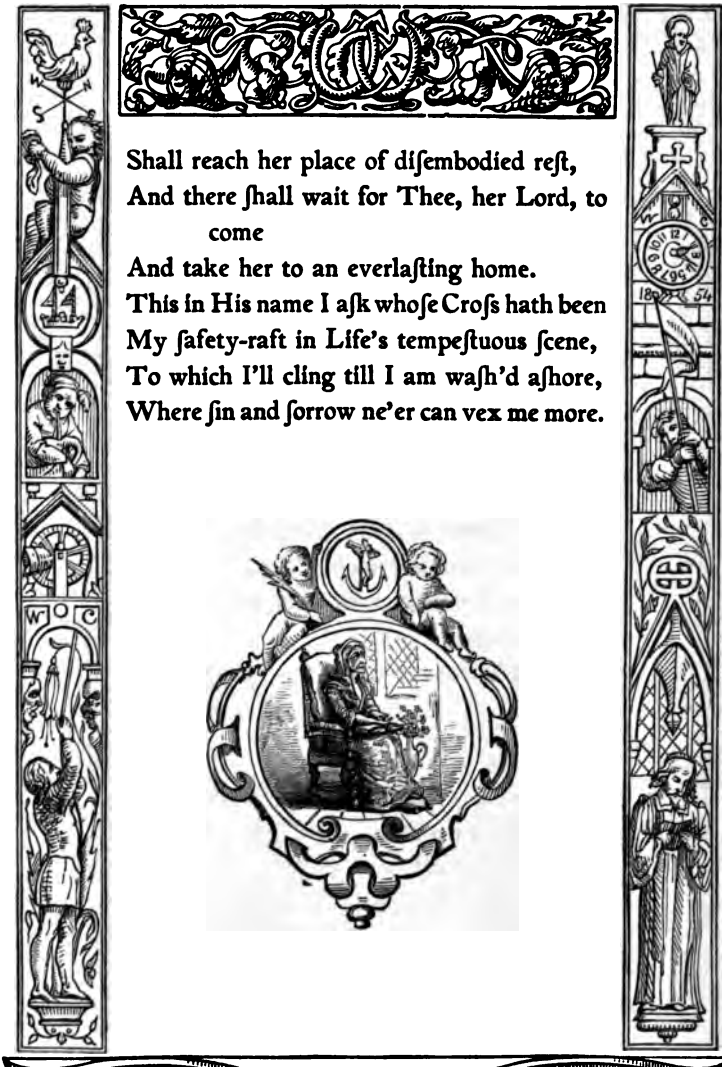
"Go on," may be beſide thee is the ſpirit of thy love,
And certainly to guide thee is a hand held forth above.
"Go on, go on," for o'er thee watch ever angels' eyes,
And ſtretching out before thee a better country lies.

Then wrap thy mantle round thee, and breaſt
the world's cold blaſt,
Nor doubt nor grief confound thee, till all
life's journey paſt,
And death's dark valley croſs'd, from ſorrow
freed and pain,
Thou, Lone one! and thy Loſt ſhall meet
in Heav'n again.

On the Approach of Death.

SOURCE of my life! in this its ſunſet hour,
When I have reach'd the laſt and toilſome ſtage
Which ſeparates me from my journey's end,
Awhile I turn my gaze from the dim line,
Where Earth and Heaven amidſt the ſhadowy twilight
Appear to mingle, and behind me look
Upon the path my weary ſteps have trod;
To Thee, O God! it is to Thee I owe
That I have ſojourn'd in this wilderneſs,
A pilgrim and a ſtranger as I am,
Suſtain'd by Thy protecting hand, and led,
Not without ſin and ſorrow, but ſtill led
On to the confines of that better land
Looming before me now. A thouſand times
Thy ſtaff has ſtay'd my ſteps in ſlippery ways,
And the rich cordial of Thy grace divine

Refreſh'd my fainting ſoul. It is Thy mercy,
Giver of every good, hath ſhower'd upon me
So many bleſſings; health, and food, and raiment,
The means of grace, and hopes of heaven's bliſs.
While I confeſs how poor has been the uſe
Of theſe Thy gifts, how often and how ſadly
I have forgotten Thy beheſts, and liſten'd,
With charm'd and eager ear, to the wild ſtrains
Of ſyren paſſions, I entreat Thee, mark not
Whate'er Thy handmaid ſhall have done amiſs,
But look with eyes of mercy on each thought
And word of mine, for each demands Thy pardon.
Bear with me to the laſt and cloſing hour;
Then come and give me hope, and ſtrength, and peace,
That I may take my leave of earth, and all
That it holds dear, without one murmuring ſigh;
And ſo my ſoul, by bleſſed ſpirits wafted,



Shall reach her place of diſembodied reſt,
And there ſhall wait for Thee, her Lord, to
come
And take her to an everlaſting home.
This in His name I aſk whoſe Croſs hath been
My ſafety-raft in Life's tempeſtuous ſcene,
To which I'll cling till I am waſh'd aſhore,
Where ſin and ſorrow ne'er can vex me more.

THE VALEDICTION.

WHEN the death-dews dim my eyes,
And my boſom panting lies,
Ebbing life's receding ſighs,
Shorter, fainter, growing;
Ere my ſpirit breaks her way,
Through her priſon-walls of clay,
Into realms of endleſs day—
The land to which I'm going.

May the dear familiar band
Of weeping friends that round me ſtand,
Watching the decreaſing ſand,
Faſt and faſter flowing,
Chant ſome low ſtrain, blending well
With the ſolemn paſſing bell,
Of the holy home to tell—
The land to which I'm going.

Let them ſing, " Dear ſuffering one,
" Soon thy journey will be done,
" Thy fight be fought, thy race be run;
" Thy ſoul, with rapture glowing,
" The everlaſting hills ſhall ſee,
" Where pain no more can come to thee,
" And neither ſin nor ſorrow be—
" The land to which thou'rt going.

" He, thy Saviour and thy guide,
" For thy guilty ſake that died,
" Even now is by thy ſide,
" Comfort thoughts beſtowing.
" Angelic forms their arms extend,
" And ſmileth many a long-loſt friend
" Glad welcome to thy journey's end—
" The land to which thou'rt going."

Then, as the burden of their ſong
In faint ſweet cadence dies along,
One happy, radiant look among
That group of mourners throwing,

Just as they faded from my view,
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,
Till in that land we meet anew—
The land to which I'm going.

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